THE LADY'S

WEEKLY MISCELLANY.

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SIR EDWARD SEYMOUR.

AN ENGLISH TALE

(Continued.)

"MY DEAR EDWARD,

"I shall not recall to your remembrance all that I have done for you in your infancy; your good heart has too often acknowledged it. You have honoured me, my friend, in giving me the right of looking upon you as my son; and it is I who should return you thanks for having for so many years enjoyed the society of so virtuous a youth.

"I bequeath unto you all my fortune; ever since I have known you, it is for *you alone* that I have ever destined it. It amounts to ten thousand a year; and I trust that I have taken every necessary precaution that no one should dispute your title to it. As the whole of it has been acquired by my own industry, I think I may be allowed to dispose of it without consulting any one. If your extreme delicacy should prompt you to refuse my gift, and give it up to my relations, or to any one whatever, I now solomnly declare, that you could not in any way act more opposite to my wishes, or more highly offend the memory of your departed friend.

"My will gives you all my possessions, without any conditions; and this letter is not intended to dictate you, it will only contain a request.

"I have a daughter, aged eighteen, whom I have caused to be educated with the greatest care. She is amiable, handsome, and in every respect deserving of my tenderness, and cannot fail making an excellent wife. Her mother, whom I long loved, has made me experience what I before thought impossible, namely, a violent affection for an object whom I could not esteem. God preserve you, my dear Edward, from so fatal a passion! It often torments us, and always makes us despicable even in our own eyes. Invincible obstacles, partly arising from the violence of this woman's temper, have deterred me from making her my wife. She is called Mrs. Jones, and her daughter, Frances, passes for her neice, and resides with her at a small estate called the Priory, the only gift of mine which Mrs. Jones has not dissipated.

"I entreat you as my friend, as my adopted son, to repair the injury I have committed towards my daughter, and to place her in a station which I could not bestow on her; and acquit me of the debt I owe her, by raising her to the rank of your wife. I again repeat to you, my dear Edward, that this request is not a command; and especially wish you to understand that it is not a condition, and bears no relation with what I have bequeathed to you. This hope, which I carry with me to the tomb, will soften my latter moments, and augment, if possible, the tenderness which your friend and cousin has ever borne towards you.

"GEORGE CLEMENTS."

After the perusal of this letter, our hero, thunderstruck and motionless, fixed his mournful eyes on Mrs. Harley, who, without uttering a word, bent her looks to the ground. Her brother-in-law attentively watched Sir Edward's countenance, and all three observed profound silence, which was first broken by Mr. Harley. What will be your determination? said he, I fear you hesitate. "No," replied our hero, "I am vexed, but I do not hesitate. Whatever were the rights of my benefactor before he made me his heir, he did not possess that of disposing of my heart, breaking my vows, or making me eternally miserable. No person in existence can contest this truth. Well, I will place myself precisely in the same situation as before his death. I will give up the succession, return to my native poverty, my native liberty, and I shall think myself but too well repaid for this trifling sacrifice, in becoming the husband of the only woman in the world I could sincerely love."

A look from Mrs. Harley was her only reply; but the old gentleman, knitting his brows, exclaimed, "What is it you say? you have not surely paid attention to the letter you have just read? It forbids you in plain terms to reject this inheritance; and explains to you the motives of this prohibition. Would you thus dare to despise the manifest intention of your benefactor? He depended on your wedding his daughter, he has made you his heir, not on that condition, for I can distinguish in this case, that you are perfectly free to accept or reject; but he commenced by giving you his fortune, and forbidding your rejection of it; he then asks a favour of you, which honour and gratitude compel you to grant, the more readily as no constraint is put upon you; he then wished to dispense with the obligation imposed by a law, to lay upon you a much more powerful one, much stronger than all the laws in the world, that of your conscience."

"But my conscience is engaged," mildly rejoined Sir Edward, "and nothing can——."

"Do not interrupt me, Sir,"

continued Mr. Harley, raising his voice, "but answer me this question. If your benefactor still lived, and you declared to him that you would not marry his daughter, it is at least uncertain whether Mr. Clements would not have changed his intention, and have given his fortune to one who would have fulfilled his desires. Now that he is dead, how can he change it? You then have no longer the right of choosing, you must obey his wishes and requests, and ought to consider them as commands; and you will agree, Sir, that honour and duty will make no allowances for the pains of love."

"That may be," replied our hero with emotion, "but I thought friendship reckoned them for something; and that it explained itself with less harshness." "O Sir!" answered Mr. Harley, "probity and truth need not be clothed in flowery language, and all those who will think or speak differently from me, are either fools or rogues." "But you will permit me to believe, notwithstanding the deference I have for your wisdom and morals, that there exists in the universe men endowed with equal virtues, and equally enlightened; I will consult them, Sir, and if I find them all of your opinion, death shall deprive me from obeying their counsels."

Saying these words, he hastily departed, without listening to Mr. Harley, who loudly exclaimed, "You may die if you please, but that will prove nothing. It is often easier to die than do one's duty, as I have proved a thousand times." Sir Edward had reached the street, yet the old gentleman followed him to the door, quoting Cicero's offices.

Our hero, his mind too much tormented to be discreet, ran to consult his friends, first enjoining them secrecy. Each was of a different opinion; some wished him to divide the succession equally between the deceased's relations, reserving a share for himself, and then he would be at liberty to marry his fair widow; and others advised him to give up the whole to Mr. Clements daughter; and a few were of Mr. Harley's opinion! Many of his most fashionable friends assured him him that his first engagement with Mrs. Harley, left him free of that imposed by his cousin, and that he might marry his mistress, without giving up a single shilling of the fortune bequeathed to him. In short, this affair was viewed in so many different lights, that poor Sir Edward, who had all his life endeavoured to be blamed by no one, began to despair of accomplishing his aim on this occasion.

More agitated, more miserable than ever, he returned to Mrs. Harley, to ask her what to do; determined to sacrifice all the opinions to which he had listened, to her's. He found her alone and

in tears, at the sight of which, our hero fell on his knees, and took Heaven as a witness, that no power on earth should force him to betray his vows, and concluded, by supplicating her to regulate his conduct, promising to do every thing but marry Miss Jones. The affectionate Eliza required much solicitation before she would consent to what he asked, she felt too much interested in the part Sir Edward would take, to think herself entitled to give her advice. But witnessing the despair of her lover, her scruples vanished, and she determined to examine the affair, if practicable, as if it were that of an indifferent person; and after collecting and discussing the various opinions, she finished by speaking in the following terms:

"According to the most rigid morality, I do not think you obliged to do for your deceased benefactor what you never would have done for him while living. What were his intentions? It appears to me that he had two: the one to divide his fortune between the two beings he loved most, his daughter, and you, whom he considered as his son, you, whom he declares he had chosen for his heir from the moment he took you under his protection; the other was to establish his daughter, by marrying her to a worthy man, who would be able to love her and make her happy, and preserve for her a fortune, which Mr. Clements would not confide to her mother, for fear, as he gives you to understand, she should dissipate it. In doing all that your cousin would have done, you cannot offend his memory. Divide the possessions with Miss Jones, as if she were your sister; you will then have fulfilled the first point; afterwards endeavour to find her a partner, who shall have nearly the same qualities which Mr. Clements admired in you; I, more than any person, think you will find such a man but with much difficulty; but the fair Frances, who is not acquainted with you, will see you with different eyes from mine. Until this time arrives, keep the fortune in your hands, administering to her necessities, as a guardian does to his ward. It appears to me that if your cousin had lived, he would not have acted differently; and no one can require that you should do more for Frances than her father would have done."

A well argued point from the lips of those we love, bears double conviction. Sir Edward, convinced by what he had just heard, and impatient to follow an advice which seemed to conciliate all parties, set out the next morning to inform Mrs. Jones of his intentions. The mother and daughter, thought he, will find themselves at the summit of their wishes, they little expect the immense present I am taking them. I shall insure Mrs. Jones a handsome annuity for her life, and the interesting Frances, with five thousand a year, will not

want for lovers; I shall allow her a free choice; I shall make two beings happy, and shall be happy myself, and no one I think will be able to blame my conduct, when all the parties concerned will openly declare their gratitude. O my beloved Eliza! it is to you I owe these blessings, it is your prudence that has snatched me from the dangers in which I was involved! How delightful it is for your lover, to owe all his happiness to you alone!

(To be continued.)

THE ORIGINAL MISCELLANIST.

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The following paper is by *Ralph Nipshaw*; at what time it was written, we are unable to say, as there is no date to it—Indeed, it was so blotted and mutilated, that it was with much difficulty we could make any thing of it. It is headed

PILGARLIC'S MAGNANIMITY,

OR,

AN UNSUCCESSFUL ATTACK UPON A REGIMENT OF MUSQUITOES.

To how many evils and vexations is mortal man exposed! By what a slender thread hangs his happiness! Each draught of pleasure is dashed with its concomitant pain, and the few moments he snatches from toil and care, (in which he fondly hopes to wallow in all the luxuries of ease and idleness) are by some mischievous chance, turned into moments of extreme mortification and chagrin.

I know not—nay I am sure I should never have thus apostrophized from any real or studied calamity of my own, howsoever men are prone to make to themselves imaginary ills, and to cry and lament with exceeding dolou, that every thing in this world is uncertain; that blight, mildew, murrian, influenza, war, and plague have it each in their power to spread desolation through the land—then to cast about in their minds the probable condition of the inhabitants under the sway of such direful scourges. Every man, woman, and child must, of necessity, eat their fingers off! Aye, and happy if their noses escape! These considerations have no weight with me. I never look for an evil till it bounces upon my head, and then I shake it off as I can; but if I cannot, I sustain it with the patience and fortitude I have at command. If I do figure to myself the heavy calamities to which numbers of my fellow creatures *may be* subjected I do it at such times as I am least liable to them myself: For instance, I never sympathize with the victims of poverty until I have made a hearty dinner; nor do I feel for the dangers of the hapless mariner in a stormy night, until I have wrapped myself up snug in a warm bed, and drawn the curtains close around me * * *

A production, entitled, the "Mi-

series of Human Life," is evidently an ingenious and faithful detail: for many a man have I known, who has pined and fretted away his whole life, under the weighty pressure of *such* miseries. I often laugh at my friend, *Polytheus Pilgarlic*, who, with nothing on earth to give him care and uneasiness, possessing a decent competence, and a good understanding, is forever complaining of his misfortunes. Accidents that might be too trivial to bestow a moment's thought on, are sufficient to sour his temper, and keep him in the fidgets for a whole week. Last fall I thought I should have been under the disagreeable necessity of sending him to Williamsburg; for the musquetoes and the uncommon warmth of the season, added to the natural irritability of his temper, rendered him, at times, a very fit subject for a mad-house. A description of one of his September evenings, will give a faint idea of his sufferings.

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Myriads of musquetoes hovered around his upper story; and through those winding entries, his ears filled the inside with the most discordant hum, and produced most disagreeable sensations: all was buz! buz! buz! As the lazy drone, who entertaining a round antipathy to any thing like work, yet is finally stimulated by the clamorous admonition of a hungry belly, to do what goes so confoundedly against the grain, so the musquetoe-bitten *Polytheus*, tho' hating the drudgery of thinking, as a naughty boy hates school, was absolutely forced into it by the alarming uneasiness of his situation, and forthwith began to think how he should deliver himself from the merciless fangs of those miscreant musquetoes. He revolved in his mind the efficacy of sprinkling the floor with Scotch snuff; racked his brains to find out an ezpedient for decoying them into a small compass, (as flies are decoyed with sugar, honey, molasses, or any other thing that flies are fond of,) and then blowing them up with gunpowder; and was very near coming to a determination to offer them the fragrant incense of assafœtida; when, 'all of a sudden,' he bethought himself of a method, often resorted to by certain sage house wives, who (charitable souls) care not how much they torment the family, provided they can drive the musquetoes out of doors; or, what is every bit as important, as Mr. Nipshaw says, 'when they are out to keep them out.' The method, I say, adopted by these honest old gentlewomen, and which met the approbation of my friend, was nothing more nor less than simply and barely funking the rogues with the fumes of tobacco. This, thinks *Pill*, is a pleasant remedy enough; it agrees with my taste—Out, then, came segar-box; while one leg was propp'd up in a chair, and the oth-

er sprawled off on the floor, at a convenient distance; he lights his cigar; exerts all his power of function to extort the grateful puff, but all to no purpose; the cigar refuses to yield its odorous vapour; in other words it would'nt smoke—he damns, and throws it in the fire-place; tries another; this smokes freely. He then threw himself back in his chair, folded his arms, cocked up his nose, and fell to work.

Now comes on the hurricane of war and the din of battle.—Puff—f—f comes the smoke as from the mouth of a four-and-twenty pounder———whiz—z—z go the musquetoes heels over head, and down they tumble on the field of honor. Yet do not suppose them either discomfited or dismayed, again they form, again are led to the charge by their renowned and gallant chief, Gen. Gallinipper, and again are they overthrown, and the magnanimous Gallinipper slain, they are routed and dispersed to the four corners of the *room*. But even there the vengeance of their enemy overtake them. The room presently becomes filled with so thick a fog that one might almost cut it with a knife: then, woe to the straggling musquetoe who can't find a cranny in which to stick his nose! if he escapes suffocation, I'll give him leave to cry out 'a miracle!' The dread clarion of his enemy hushed, the victor contemplates with ineffable delight, the effect of the astonishing prowess of his —cigar, and promises himself much satisfaction in the extermination of those little pests. This sudden spring of happiness is, however, soon embittered. 'If there is not a constant fire (smoke he should have said) kept up, the bloody-mind dogs will sally forth from their recesses and hiding places, and pester me as much as ever, and I, consequently, be compelled to make a toil of a pleasure. I do not like this; for however agreeable to me may be the exercise of my cigar, it loses its relish the moment it becomes subservient to my safety or convenience. A prince or nobleman, for instance, would for his amusement, condescend to be a painter, a horse doctor, or a race rider; while he would despise others who had chosen these occupations for a maintenance. A luxury may be so called, while it admits of voluntary participation; but when it can only be resorted to as a measure of necessity, it is an inconvenience. Unhappy is my lot, alas! to be overwhelmed with care and perplexity, at the moment I am calculating upon ease and comfort.'

Such were his reflections and lamentations, when he received a summons from nature, which the sensualist is accustomed to hail with joy, though he seldom waits for it; in more intelligible terms, my friend had smoked 'till he was

hugely a thirst. A decanter of brandy, a pitcher of cool water, and a tumbler, sat or stood (I am not clear which) on a table before him. He arose, primed the glass, and poised the pitcher; but heedlessly giving the latter too great a tilt, he overflowed the glass, and nearly filled his Suwarrow boots with water. Could any one, who was not the most inveterate stoic that ever lived, bear so tremendous a catastophre with indifference?—No; it were impossible. As for *Pil*, he threw the water about 'just like unto a troundling mop;' stampt and swore with all the furious gesticulation of a bedlamite, and then———sat down, and remained, bear-like, in a state of torpitude, until roused by the alarm of his lately vanquished enemies, the musquetoes; who perceiving him to be entirely off his guard, and divested of that horrible death dealing engine, had once more rallied, and made a most furious charge. The attack was carried on with such unheard-of vigour, that *Polytheus*, in his turn, was forced to quit the field. After many vain endeavors to repulse the assailants with his hand, in which attempts the weapon often recoiled upon himself, he made a hasty retreat to his bed, where he hoped, by the aid of gauze curtains, to keep his tormentors at bay.—But persecution followed him even here; for after he had put out the candle, and was stowing himself away, he did not perceive that he had entangled himself in the gauze curtains, until he had actually hauled a whole broadside of them down. Here, then, he lay at the mercy of the exasperated enemy, who so be-buz'd and be-nip't him, that, rendered almost frantic by their unfeeling tortures, and the mutilation which his curtains had suffered, he cursed and swore, and grumbled and grunted, and kicked and plunged about, till he had fairly shook down the frail of the tester, with some more of the curtains; these falling directly athwart him, presented poor *Pilgarlic* in the ludicrous predicament of a lubberly porpus hampered in a fishing net. This was all that was wanting to fill up the measure of his misfortunes; he literally sunk under them, and laid for several hours in a perfect stupor, dead to the attacks of the musquetoes, and utterly insensible to the condition in which he lay with the curtains swathed about him, when Morpheus, in pity to his sufferings kindly squeezed a few drops of the soporific juice upon his half closed eye-lids.

RALPH NIPSHAW.

A lady conversing with a gentleman, said, "Get you gone, you always talk nonsense." "Madam," replied he, "I hear it sometimes, and you catch me in the fact."

THE LADIES' TOILETTE;

OR,

ENCYCLOPAEDIA OF BEAUTY.

Of the Vices of the skin.

(Continued.)

This disease, then, should not be treated thus, unless when it is recent, and moreover, exterior applications ought to be accompanied or rather preceded by an appropriate regimen, and internal treatment. It is, therefore, necessary to prepare with bleeding and purgatives, to follow a mild, cooling regimen, such as fresh culinary vegetables, white meat, milk, rice, &c. to abstain from liquors, wine, and coffee, as well as from ragouts and spices; to drink chicory water, and clarified whey.

The local malady may then be directly attacked, by applying to the face a liniment made of the white of eggs, and a small quantity of allum or camphor; and afterwards using oil of myrrh, which is said to be efficacious in this case. But it should be observed that the treatment must be of considerable duration, and that, to prevent its return, the regimen we have described, ought to be regularly continued.

We shall now give some receipts for pimples on the face.

Take a pound of powdered allum, a pint of purslain juice, the same quantity of plantain juice and verjuice, and twenty yolks of eggs. Beat the whole up well together, and distil it. This water is very good, not only for the couperose, but for all kinds of pimples and ebullitions of the blood.

Another remedy is as follows: Take half a pint of brandy, put into it as many strawberries as it will hold, and stop the phial well with a piece of bladder, let it stand for a week in the sun, and then strain the liquor through linen. Put in more strawberries as at first, and add half an ounce of camphor. Wash the face in the morning fasting with this liquor, and in a short time a cure will be effected.

The following have likewise been recommended:—

Water in which a small quantity of salt petre has been dissolved.

Water of water-lilies, into which has been put a small quantity of camphor, previously dissolved in a little brandy.

Plantain water, mixed with the essence of sulphur, and applied morning and evening to the face.

Distilled waters of chervil, plantains, marsh-mallows, chick-weed, rosemary, and mercury.

I shall not give any receipt for repellent ointments, into which salt of saturn is introduced. If the couperose be not too inveterate, the processes which I have men-

tioned are more than sufficient ; if it be too inveterate, all the prudence of a skilful physician will then be necessary.

What I have said respecting the danger of repellents for the couperose, equally applies to the affection called the tetter, or ringworm. Consumption has often been the melancholy result of tetters imprudently repelled. If the tetter be therefore at all considerable, recourse must be had to internal remedies, and to the regimen indicated above for the couperose. The frequent use of the bath then becomes indispensable, and the patient must likewise take an infusion of scabiosa leaves in the form of tea.

Dr. Breal announces in the Philosophical Transactions, that after having unsuccessfully employed all the known means of removing tetters, he had at length effected a radical cure by the following method: He applied plumb-tree gum dissolved in vinegar; an extremely simple application. To procure this gum, twist some of the branches of a plumb-tree, which, the ensuing spring, will be covered with gum.

Subjoined is the composition of a cosmetic ointment of great efficacy for curing tetters, carbuncles, and other disorders of the skin.

Take flowers of sulphur and refined salt-petre, of each half an ounce, good white precipitate two drams, and benjoin one dram; to ascertain whether the precipitate be good, put a little of it on ignited charcoal, if it evaporates it is a sign that it is good; if it remains upon the fire, or melts, it is nothing but pounded ceruse, or something of that kind. Pound the benjoin with the salt-petre in a brass mortar, till they are reduced to a very fine powder; then mix with them the flowers of sulphur and white precipitate; and when the whole is well mixed put away the powder for use. When you want to apply it, incorporate it with the most odoriferous white ointment of jessamine. The smell of the latter, together with that of the benjoin, will correct the smell of the sulphur, which many persons cannot endure.

For tetters some persons employ a shell-fish known by the name of *pucelage*. It is dissolved in lemon-juice, and this juice is applied to the tetters; but those who make use of this remedy must not neglect now and then to take opening physic. It has peen seen to produce very good effects.

Alphonse le Roi, a French physician, has made numerous experiments that have convinced him of the efficacy of hot flour applied to the skin in certain cutaneous diseases.

The white tetters are easily cured by the regimen which we have indicated, together with some internal application; but when the

are of the nature of those which medical men term miliary, or corrosive, they then require a regular treatment, and it will be prudent to have recourse to professional advice.

There is another kind of pimples which commonly appear on the face and neck, especially of young persons of either sex who are advancing to the age of puberty ; they are red and hard, and turn white at the top. Against these are employed various preparations, into which camphor, the essence of benjoin, cerate, and virgin milk are introduced.

There are again other small cutaneous, inflammatory, and pustulary eruptions, which are almost always occasioned by acrid perspiration ; of these there are many different varieties, but they all yield to the same means of cure. These means are moderate heat, rest, frequent bathing, and a mild diluting regimen. Those who are thus attacked may likewise wash themselves with the decoction of linseed, mallows, or marsh-mallows.

Itchings reduce the skin very often to a state nearly resembling the tetters. The skin is sometimes dry and at others humid ; now and then pimples are formed, but in less number than in the tetters, though in them they emit a farinacious serosity when scratched. To cure them, observe the same regimen as for the tetters. The author of "Domestic Medicine" informs us that he has known dry frictions upon the skin with a soft brush, or an old linen cloth, produce a good effect.

He likewise observes that when the itchings are violent, the parts affected by them may be fomented with softening infusions, such as those of marsh-mallows, or flowers of elder. Bathing scarcely ever fails to remove them.

Spots, marks, and freckles, may likewise be numbered among the vices of the skin. The correction of these vices belongs more particularly to the province of cosmetics ; we shall therefore refer them to a distant chapter.

(To be continued.)

A country Doctor going on foot to visit a patient in a neighbouring village, took a gun to amuse himself on the road. A peasant met him, and asked him whither he was going ? "To see a patient." "Are you afraid of missing him ?" said the enquirer.

Those persons who are solely addicted to self-love, continually persuade themselves that others are either admiring or envying them ; they are like thieves who perpetually believe they are pointed at.

ANECDOTE

A PETTY practitioner of the law in Stirling, being proprietor of an estate in a neighbouring parish, sent his proportion of the stipend to the clergyman by the hands of the common hangman. When the hangman, who there as well as in most other places, is neither a respectable nor a popular character, and who is seldom seen without the walls of the town where he resides, was approaching the minister's house, the servants and all in the house were much alarmed, except the clergyman; and when the hangman knocked at the door, it was like the sentence of death. As every body had run with fear and trembling to hide themselves, no one could be found to let him in. However, he was at last admitted. Upon being desired by the clergyman, (Mr. Frame, Alloa) to come in, he informed him he had been sent by Mr. C——l with his proportion of the stipend. Finding the money good, and the sum due, being asked a receipt, Mr. Frame wrote,—"Received from Mr. C——, through the hands of his agent and factor, the hangman of Stirling, the sum of 30*l.* sterling, &c." But it seems that, the year after, the gentleman judged it unnecessary to remit his money by his former agent.

THE BROTHERS.

A youth, who had often bathed in a river in which there were many quicksands, once more ventured in, and narrowly escaped from death. His elder brother, who a few months before had fallen in love with a beautiful girl, won her affections, and married her, and in those months had often wished both wife, and the marriage state far enough, hearing of the danger his brother had been in, said to him: "I am more surprized at your escape, than at the danger you have been in; how could you be so foolish as to trust this dangerous element, because it did not at other times deceive you?"

"Then let it still less be a wonder to you, (said the other) that your wife, since the time she has been your wife, often gives you cause for repentance; who told you to trust so fickle a sex, as the female, because a pretty girl smiled on you, and for days seemed to think well of you?"

"And what would you have had me do with this sex?"

"Study and learn it well!"

"Fool! it would be like telling s seaman, after he had suffered all storms, to learn the depth and evry rock in the fathomless deep; to both purposes one common course of life would not be sufficient, which seldom exceeds eighty or ninety years."

An old gentleman had made a settlement of fifty pounds a year on a young girl, to be paid as long as

DISAPPOINTMENT.

HOW bright was my youth's early dawn!
Ere reflexion had clouded my brow,
I selected the rose from the thorn,
And was happy I hardly knew how.

Tis true, my heart oft heav'd a sigh,
But it rose from mild pity alone;
If a tear sometimes stray'd from my eye,
It flow'd not for griefs of its own.

I join'd in the sports of the plain:
With rapture I heard the blithe song,
In the dance I was first of the train,
And gayest among the gay throng.

But ah! these gay visions of youth,
Disappointment has chas'd from my mind!
And the friends whom I fancied all truth—
Alas! can be sometimes unkind!

The sigh that from sympathy rose,
Now heaves not for others alone;
And the tear as it silently flows,
Confesses a source of its own!

I have seen the fair azure of morn,
With shadows and clouds darken'd o'er!
I have found that the rose has a thorn,
Which could wound when its bloom was no more!

Bos. Mir.

The following beautiful verses were written by the celebrated comedian, *Cherry*, and set to music by the famous Shield. It has received no small share of applause from the public, since its introduction by Webster's *Sans Souci* in Philadelphia, by that inimitable and exquisite songster.

THE GREEN LITTLE SHAMROCK OF IRELAND.

THERE's a dear little plant that grows in our isle,
'Twas St. Patrick himself sure that set it,
And the sun on his labor with pleasure did smile,
And with dew from his eyes often wet it.
It thrives through the bog, through the brake, thro' the mireland,
And he calls it the dear little Shamrock of Ireland,
The sweet little shamrock, the dear little shamrock,
The sweet little, green little shamrock of Ireland.

This dear little plant still grows in our land,
Fresh and fair as the daughters of Erin,
Whose smiles can bewitch, whose eyes can command,
In *each climate* that *each* shall appear in.
And shine thro' the bog, thro' the brake, thro' the mireland,
Just like their own dear little shamrock of Ireland,
The sweet little shamrock, &c.

This dear little plant that springs from our soil,
When its three little leaves are extended,
Denotes from *one stalk, we together should toil,*
And ourselves by ourselves be befriended.
And still thro' the bog, thro' the brake, thro' the mireland,

From one root should branch like the shamrock of Ireland,
The sweet little shamrock, &c.

The dear little plant that shoots from our earth,
Let the hard hand of industry nourish,
And love in each heart find its own warm birth,
While peace, joy, and plenty shall flourish,
And bloom thro' the bog, thro' the brake, thro' the mireland,
Just like your own dear little shamrock of Ireland,
Your own little shamrock, your dear little shamrock,
Oh, blessings attend on the sweet little, green little shamrock of Ireland.

MY DEAR NATIVE VILLAGE.

When I trace back the scenes of my juvenile days,
How faithfully Mem'ry each object pourtrays:
I see the lambs play, and the kine sweetly graze
In the meads near my dear native village.

I view the old oak, still majestic and gay,
Round which, at the close of a fine summer day,
My infantine comrades would oft with me play,
To enliven my dear native village.

See! there stands the cottage, with woodbines bedeck'd,
Surrounded by poplars, large grown, and erect,
Where dwelt my poor parents, in decent respect,
Quite content with my dear native village.

And yonder's the lawn, where, as manhood advanced,
Each midsummer eve have I merrily danced,
While innocence sweet, every pleasure enhanced,
'Midst the sport of my dear native village.

Ah, me! there's the church, where to heav'n I've pray'd
With fervour devout, for protection and aid;
And see too—the yew-tree, beneath which were laid,
Those I lov'd of my dear native village.

O cease, Mem'ry cease, I no more can indite,
My relatives dear all in dust there unite,
And tears dim my eyes while I mournfully write
Of their loss, and my dear native village.

Epitaph on an honest man.

Money, for tomb-stones, is but vainly spent;
An honest man requires no monument;
Cover his body with a turf or stone,
It matters nought, to him it is all one;
His name is enter'd on the book of life—
He lives with God, he's done with carnal strife;
—But yet the world would count it a neglect
To stint the dead of decent, due respect.

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